

Love of Homes.

The love of home is not an art nor an accomplishment. It does not come from early training or education. It is the instinct of humanity. It is the gift of God. It is a pure emotion and brings joy and comfort to the humble and the great. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." No wonder that the simple song of John Howard Payne endeared him to the world. The world felt its touching, tender truth and wept a sympathetic tear. It is the want of home that makes tramps and vagabonds and desperate men. Some times I think the nation could well afford to give to every father and mother a house. Besides the love of those who are dear to us there is something in the locality that effects us—something in the familiar scenes, the trees, the fields, the branches, the running spring or the generous well. We love the trees and vines that have borne us fruit or given us shade; the open fireplace that gives us welcome on a winter night; the bed that gives us rest and sleep, and the ever pleasing prospect of the distant hills and mountains that seem as if reaching up to God.

Even the beasts and birds are conscious of this love of home. "The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea," as they seek their accustomed place. The faithful, loving dog will travel miles and leagues to reach it, and the cat cannot be easily weaned from the chimney corner. Man has made use of this never-failing, never-ceasing love of the carrier-pigeon, and it commands our respect and admiration when we see it released from the unwilling prison of a distant land and watch it ascend and circle, and take its bearings, and then with swift and tireless wing make for its home by the nearest line.

Oh the love of "Home Sweet Home," how happy we should try to make it. In all this broad land is there a heart so cold, so hard, or so burdened with care or sorrow, that it does not thrill responsive to the plaintive strains of this song so beloved—, whether voiced with unconscious pathos by some sweet singer, or rolling forth in the deep diapason of many stringed instruments? Especially in the hush of eventide when stillness has fallen alike upon the soul and upon nature, do these words, born of the lonely yearning, of one who was himself a homeless wanderer, stir the tenderest deeps of the spirit with infinite longings for all that the words imply. If our feet are pressing foreign soil, nature may woo us vainly with the vast grandeur of her mountains, the far sweep of her forest, the still beauty of her fields and lakes, one bar of "Home Sweet Home" like the wand of an enchanter, will instantly paint for us the fair picture of the dear old hearth-stone and household goods beyond the seas, while our eyes fill, and every pulse throbs with sudden tenderness over the vision. So in the serene eventide of life when we sit with folded hands in the soft after-glow, musing upon the "Long ago," one picture shines upon us clear and distinct from out the silvery mist of three score and ten, it may be, and that is the home of our childhood—always beautiful to us in the softening haze of memory, whether it be palace or cottage, around which shines the halo of mother-love and gentleness, where we felt the protecting strength of a father's care. Delight is ours as our eyes travel fondly over every little artistic arrangement, every graceful adornment of this or that well-remembered room of our old-time home. Then while we may, as the old earth grows glad and beautiful again in this fair resurrection morn of nature's buried darlings, let us catch and hold these sun-pictures, these photographs, as precious souvenirs for ourselves and our children in the future. Then dear Brethren, let us strive to make happy homes. For only a few more days of toil, a few more days of trouble and sorrow, sickness and death. Then all will be over, when we shall enter that sweetest home of all beyond this vale of tears. There shall be no sickness, trouble, and sorrow, and no parting there. It is our eternal home.

D. W. THOMAS.

Homeworth, Ohio.

Immodest words admit of no defence, for want of decency is want of sense.

Serving Two Masters.

BY A. H. MASSENA.

No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Matthew 6:24.

In my experience so often have I seen the above text verified, especially in a prosperous church. On the dry land was an excellent place for Jonas, but it would have been a poor place for the fish that swallowed him. Every creature needs to be in its element. Elsewhere it is continually in trouble and miserable, and making all around feel uneasy and discontented. Especially so in life. A dandy or dude in the workshops, a country boy in a fashionable parlor, a true Christian in a dancing hall or a gambling den or drinking saloon, all feel the lack of harmony that exists between them and their surroundings.

Especially is it true and the inharmony felt when worldly people intrude themselves into the church of Christ, and undertake to introduce the worldly arts and practices among the people of God. Sometimes it occurs that among a company of humble disciples there will come some wire-pulling politician or designing worldling who desires to use the influence of the church to prosper his individual interests. He manages the church, controls the Sabbath school, runs the society. He stands at the head of everything; he rejoices to know that his word is law and all who disapprove him must stand aside.

But alas! Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth. And soon they find that they have not got a host of political hangers-on following their heels, shouting their victory. He finds a lot of lowly disciples of the Lord refusing to tread in his footsteps, and turning sadly away from the scenes of his triumphs, he forgets that there cannot be any real religious triumphs without the blessings of God, and that no man, however adroitly he may deceive man, is able to deceive the all-wise God. No craft or guile can deceive or hide from him whose eyes are as a flame of fire. Hence there is disappointment; he finds himself out of his element; he has climbed up in the church without leaving his worldly principles behind him; he has endeavored to put on the new man without putting off the old; he is out of his place; he is like the frog, is ready to leap from his perch, down in the mud and filthy mire.

It is a blessed day for the church and community when they are rid of such people. The sooner they find and reach their proper element, the better it is for all concerned. Let us not feel so badly when some of our leaders fail and prove themselves unworthy. Let us, with patience, run the race set before us. May the God of wisdom, might and love bless his people and let those who forsook us in time of need examine themselves.

Linkville, Ind.

Disobeying the Commandments.

BY DAVID HELSER.

I often wonder why it is that there are so many different churches in the land, and all claim to preach from the Bible, and want heaven for their future home. There is one Lord, one Faith and one Baptism. If we all had that one faith, one baptism, and all obey all the commandments, there would be but one church. But to obey the whole council of God requires some self-denial.

It requires seven years of study, before a man can preach, and make some people believe that into the water, means at the water, and up out of the water means from the water. All this is done to keep people out of the water, and make people believe that sprinkling is baptism. There is not a place in the whole Bible where there is an account that pure water was ever sprinkled on any one. But wherever baptism was performed it was at a river side, or where there was much water. And then there is the supper called the Lord's supper by the same class. Bread and wine are the Lord's supper, and that taken in the forenoon and called a supper. The Scripture calls it the communion of the body and blood of Christ. That is the difference; which will we believe, man or the Bible? One thing sure, it is done so much easier and it is less trouble. Dear reader, if it was not for the love

of money, which is the root of all evil, and that abominable pride, this would not be so. They think that they can reach the desired heaven, without stopping to obey all the requirements of the Almighty.

The Holy kiss is another command overlooked by many, yet it is commanded five times.

We are commanded to anoint the sick in the name of the Lord; that is also neglected by all these professors. We also should abstain from all appearance of evil. When you see a place where drunkenness, swearing, lying, gambling, stealing and all classes of bad characters gather together, there satan sits in the midst of them. Keep away from such places.

Sometimes I am discouraged when I see church members following the foolish fashions of the world. Satan is the author of pride; he rejoices at it. Some say you cannot see into a man's heart and can't tell whether he or she is proud. Brethren preach against it; root it out of the church, for satan laughs because he planted it in the church, and the man of God is afraid to preach against it for fear satan will not like it.

Moses.

BY J. H. PALMER.

When Moses smote the water the children all passed over. He is brought into the palace. He is reared in the midst of wealthy royalty and all the pomp and pageantry of idolatrous worship. Here he spent his boyhood, and here he was educated, and became learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. But the sophisms of their philosophy, the arts of their magicians and the mysteries of the priestcraft could not annihilate in that young heart the love of his kindred, and the knowledge of the true God. This purer knowledge and these holier instincts might have been buried for a season, but like a living germ unplanted by the hand of Divinity, they sprung up and took deep root in his soul.

Forty years he lived amidst the luxuries of one of the most degraded and powerful courts of the world. But a great question was to be settled, and the time of its decision had come. This question, like a crushing burden, was pressing on his soul. In faith his mother had laid him in the bullrushes. That holy faith of a mother's heart had taken root in his own, and with mighty throes was now struggling for the victory. He might have reasoned thus: "I am the son of Pharaoh's daughter. Yonder palace may be mine. The scepter of power, the honors of royalty, the emoluments, the luxuries of a regal home are all within my reach. Can I give them up? Yonder are my people, my kindred. I know the bitterness of their bondage. How the earth is stained with their blood, and watered with their tears! Can I become deaf to the groans of my kindred? Can I renege the faith of my Fathers? Can I deny the mother that bore me?" He bows his head, and buries his face in the folds of his garments. His strong frame trembles with the heaving emotions that, like a pent up volcano, convulse his heart. It is but for a moment; faith triumphs. The conclusion is given by words of inspiration. "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter." Farewell ye temples of the gods. I have chosen and will serve a God who shall lay you even with the dust. Farewell palace and court, I seek the honors of a kingdom that shall endure when thy thrones and monuments, thy mighty pyramids, yea, the great world itself, shall have perished forever.

It is encouraging for us to know that the power of God will dwell with us and bring us to the mansion of eternal bliss. Let the Gospel banner be unfurled. Though we think we have trials and difficulties let us persevere to the end. Let us "strive to enter in at the straight gate," where we can meet and enjoy the presence of one another in the happy mansions of bliss.

I need a Savior to save me. I have no salvation till I find a Savior. A person I must have. The highest truth will not save me, further than as it brings me to the Savior, that he may give, and I may get eternal life.—Dr. John Duncan.